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Pro-Slavery.

NEGROES AND NEGRO SLAVERY.

[From The New York Day Book.]

A PAMPHLET, with this title, has been put into our hands for perusal. It is from the pen of Doctor J. H. Ever, of Washington, whose contributions on the same subject have appeared lately in the *Washington Union*. Doctor Van Evrie takes the negro as he finds him—as he came from the hands of his Maker—and shows most clearly that the attempt or pretended designs of the Abolitionists to make him a white man, or to make the negro equal to the white race, is a moral and physical impossibility, and also that the present relation existing between the two races in the South is founded on the fact that there is no real inequality, and is, consequently, the very best relation that can possibly be for both. He shows, also, that the whole Abolition spirit is a delusion, and that the agitation of the question can but result in the loss of property and tirades against it, and the absolute necessities of the British aristocracy, which, in order to keep part of the British subjects in want, must endeavour and appear to be trying to elevate an inferior race to the level of the laboring classes of Europe.

The English philanthropy taxed the working men of Britain the sum of millions of dollars to emancipate the negroes of Jamaica, and what was the result? Why, the negroes, instead of being now an industrious, thriving race, are the idle, debauched vagabonds, and fast going back to their original barbarism. To support these vagabonds, the labor of the Irish and English peasantry is taken by the power of government; and what should go to benefit and educate the Irishman's children, the British aristocracy rob him of to give to the negroes in the West Indies. The following extract will give the reader an idea of the force of Dr. Van Evrie's reasoning on this point:

"It is estimated that the British Government has expended six hundred millions to put down the African trade, to abolish slavery, or rather, to call things by their right names, to destroy the natural relations of the races in the West India Islands—in short, under the pretence of benefiting the negro, to break down the distinctions of race and equalize those whom the Almighty has made unequal.

"This enormous sum is, of course, laid upon the already over-burdened shoulders of the British laboring and producing classes; and it will probably appear to reader unable to suppose that for every idle vagabond negro now basking in tropical suns or revelling in pumpkin in Jamaica, there is a poor worn-out, maimed and defeated British laborer perishing in the prison or the workhouse or dragging out a miserable existence as the victim of 'philanthropic' imposture, and 'humane' iniquity.

"There are eight millions in the British islands unable to read; yet these dumb, voiceless beings, instead of using the proceeds of their labor to educate their own children, prefer to save their own children from that most hideous of all savageisms, the ignorance of a superior race in the midst of high civilization, are compelled by the despotic and irresponsible oligarchy to labor under the same ignorance that is wasted on a distant and, to them, an utterly unknown race.

"Within the past ten years, several millions of British subjects have perished of famine, every one of which might have been saved if the money squandered on the negro had been employed for that purpose; indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that the proceeds of labour wrung alone from the bones and sinews of these murdered Irish men themselves, for the benefit, or the pretended benefit, of the negro, would have been sufficient to save every man of them.

"The monstrous imposture which has so long deceived the world, under the cloak of philanthropy and a pretended desire to benefit mankind, has been sustained and kept alive by the assumption that it was the British nation, the totality of the British people, who carried this negro policy; hut it is the work alone of the governing class, the oligarchy, the half million or so of British lords and gentry who live on the labor of the other twenty millions. The proceeds of the enormous taxation levied upon the people of Kamtschatka or the inhabitants of the moon.

"To suppose such a thing that these eight millions of artificial heathens, existing in the heart of British society, would give their sweat and toil to benefit the negro, who would give their sweat and toil to benefit the Irish, or the poor emaciated artisan, the over-worked and often half-famished multitudes shut out from the light of earth as well as heaven, in British mines, would be to libel their own volition, labour and toil and suffer to enable the negro to live in idleness in Jamaica—to suppose such to be the case, is an atrocious blasphemy, a libel upon the Almighty, who has beneficently as wisely ordained it to the contrary, and made self-preservation a primary instinct of our nature.

"The immediate, practical, inevitable result of this vast expenditure on the negro is to rivet more surely the slavery of the British millions, to compel every labourer in England to work an hour longer every day of his life, and to snatch a portion of the food from the mouths of his children, often even from the lips of the sleep life-blood of the father, to be wasted on the negro. It is the robbery and plunder of the disfranchised millions, the ignorant, helpless, starving multitudes of British labourers, by a heartless and selfish oligarchy, to enable them to carry out their designs and effect schemes of transcendant villany under the mask and cover of philanthropy.

"It is a mortgage on the bones and muscles, the bodies and souls of future generations of their own flesh and blood, under the hypocritical pretence of benefiting humanity.

"The actual wrong thus inflicted upon the unrepresented masses of Britain would have been the same if every unemployed negro had been elevated to the standard of Wilberforce, and made the personal equal of old Johnson himself; but the results upon the negro have been scarcely less disastrous.

"It is now admitted by the tools as well as the dupes of the imposture that while the mortality of the slave trade has not exceeded 4 to 25 per cent., as the direct result of British interference, not one single African the less has been imported!

"The world, civilization, the want of society, the comfort and well-being of the millions of Christendom, require the products of the tropics and of the West India Islands. The Creator has ordained that these products can only be forthcoming through the labour of the negro; the demand was imperative, and the labour was furnished. It is not necessary to enquire whether the mode of furnishing this labour was right or wrong, whether the necessities of human well-being demanded only its regulation on principles of humanity, or whether it was or is inherently and absolutely wrong; British interference with it has only brought suffering and death to the negro, this connection, unhappy negro! If British citizens, the people of London and Liverpool, required a certain amount of coffee, sugar, and other tropical products, the labour necessary to meet those demands was always furnished. Thus, if the labour of fifty thousand negroes was required, eighty thousand were shipped on the African coast, as thirty thousand of them would be sacrificed by British interference.

"What number of negroes have thus, within the last sixty years, been destroyed, actually murdered, in the name of philanthropy, may not be known, but it must be enormous; and for every one of these, for all the hideous diabolisms of the middle passage, for all this human suffering, inhumanity and inhumanity, the British aristocracy and their tools and dupes in Europe and America are justly responsible. In Jamaica, and the other islands, the natural relations of the races broken up, the negro of course, forces to labour, and rapidly returning to the African standard of the race, that is, steadily working down the very bosom of the American Continent, and should be the very garden of American civilization, now promises to become the seat and centre of an African barbarism.

"Now, on the other hand, consider the effects of this engaging of the bones and muscles of future generations of British labourers, and the indefinite postponement of their higher education under pretence of liberating the negro—the hypocritical and false name presented to the credulous friends of liberty everywhere—these evils worked out on the negro himself—the destruction of life and increased sufferings of the middle passage—the rapidly approaching savagism of those forced from their normal condition in Jamaica and other West India islands—the false, mistaken notions of the North—the overthrow of civilization, and threatened establishment of an African barbarism on our Southern border, the ally and instrument of European aristocracy in any future collision with American Democracy—above all, the effects upon ourselves of the whole unpardonable delusion that negro institutions are an "evil" and their extension dangerous—the notion so prevalent at the North, that there is a real antagonism or that the system of the South is hostile to Northern interests—the weakened Union sentiment, and the utter debauchment, the absolute traitorism of a portion of the Northern people, not only to the Union, but to Democratic institutions, and the cause of civilization on this Continent—all these, with the minor and almost immeasurable mischiefs which flow from delusion, this night, by world-wide imposture has engendered or drags in its train, rest upon the dogma, the single assumption, the sole elementary foundation falsehood, that the negro is a black white man, or that two widely separated, unnaturally marked and personally different things are the same thing! This single fallacy, which is in reality an absurdity, as well as a lie, once exploded, and the mighty edifice which chicanery and delusion, this night, have reared in grand and imposture, and popular credulity, have united to upon the foundation of human nature, must endeavour and appear to be trying to elevate an inferior race to the level of the laboring classes of Europe.

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Selections.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN PORTLAND.

SPEECH OF SENATOR WADE.

HON B. F. WADE, U. S. Senator from Ohio, delivered the following speech at Deering's Oaks, on Tuesday, the 14th ult.:

MR. PRESIDENT: I have come a great way, not with the slightest expectation that I had anything to impart to the enlightened and intelligent people of this State which would furnish them any additional light upon the great subject now in issue before the people of the United States. I know very well that there are many in your midst more intimately able to do that than I can make any pretensions to do; but, in the great issue now pending before the people of the United States, in the organization of this great Republican party, it is necessary that all portions of the Union should come upon a single their conscientious convictions of duty, and unite for a common object. And to make myself acquainted with your sentiments, and to go home to the people of Ohio and tell them what I have learned of you with respect to the duties of the people of the North, is my principal object in visiting this part of the country; for, in my apprehension, this great movement of the people is to fix the destinies of this great Republic, for weal or for woe, for a great length of time to come.

This large and, to me, unexpected assemblage is additional evidence to prove that this great Republican movement emanates from the people (applause). It is no coming together of the people at the call of some old respectable leader of any party. The whole of these principles and noble aims, affairs seemed to be all-sufficient guides for the people to follow, they have followed till these men are laid in their graves; and the people now know full well that it devolves upon them to conduct their own affairs in a manner to suit themselves.

But the great issue of importance now before the American people, and that is the question of slavery. It is thrust into our very faces; and, unless we are the merest cowards under heaven, we cannot disregard it. We would, and do not disregard it if we would.

Our free institutions have been deliberately assailed in high places; and that Government which was instituted by our fathers especially for the protection and establishment of liberty is sought to be perverted to the purposes of human slavery. There is no other idea that is broached by your Administration.

I know very well that you have among you, as we have among us, a few men who think they can compromise the old Whig party, as they call it. I can speak very freely of that party, because I belonged to it. I followed that party, with an unwavering fidelity, for twenty-five years; but I say that that organization is dead; and they will expect to resuscitate it expect a miracle greater than that was wrought at the tomb of Lazarus (applause). It was present when it died. It died by the perfidy of its own members—thus committing a kind of political suicide.

The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Rollins) has served that he had no fault to find with Southern men; served that he had no fault of the Whig party, I have a most serious charge to make against them; I say they were false and perfidious to their brethren of the North; and when they sneaked into a private room with their common enemy, and there dictated plans and purposes to entrap their brethren, the party died—or, at least, all honour died in the ranks of Southern Whigs. I say your Whig party is dead. Your straight-out Whigs may have some quibble to quiver upon, but you can find in the tail of a dead vulsive spasms, but it is a mere tail of a dead party; the body and the head of it being dead and buried.

And you of the old Democratic party, once so proud, once so predominant, although I admire the spirit you have connived respect for you, knowing that you entered into the purposes of patriotism; but how have those purposes dwindled into nothing? You also are dead (laughter). You may find, Sir, when you receive a shock from the treasury, a kind of spasm such as is experienced in the limbs of a dead frog when submitted to a galvanic battery; but in every other aspect you are dead. Your principles are buried, as the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Rollins) has said, in the tombs of the political sects—being of your party, as I was of the old Whig party, you that every honourable principle that formerly appertained to that party was dead, and nothing left of it except decaying and corrupt portions about the treasury (laughter).

And why, Sir, is this great movement of the people? Whose potent voice has called them all together? Is it because you know full well that old things have passed away and all things have become new, politically? Why are men now to attend to old questions—questions of Tariffs, and Banks, and Internal Improvements, and of Tariffs, and Banks, and Internal Improvements, and all those petty things and purposes to entrap their brethren, the party died—or, at least, all honour died in the ranks of Southern Whigs. I say your Whig party is dead. Your straight-out Whigs may have some quibble to quiver upon, but you can find in the tail of a dead vulsive spasms, but it is a mere tail of a dead party; the body and the head of it being dead and buried.

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ing such sentiments be permitted to reside in our midst—be permitted to run at large among our slaves, sowing the seeds of discord and discontent, jeopardizing our lives and our property? We may justly be branded as "ruffians" and cowards did we permit it.

The sequel to this story is told by *The Squatter Sovereign*, Stringfellow's paper, of the 7th ult.:

"The most interesting ceremony ever witnessed in this town was the whipping of a 'live Abolitionist,' with the euphonious name of J. W. B. Kelly, who hails all the way from Cincinnati, Ohio, by Mr. Grafton Thomason, late of Clay County, Missouri. Mr. Thomason, a short time ago, lost a valuable negro woman, who, it was thought, had been induced to drown herself by the thieving scoundrel who is the subject of this article. Kelly, who was heard to express himself in the matter, severely reproached Mr. Thomason for being a slaveholder. Mr. Thomason, on hearing the matter, called on the said Kelly, who gave him to understand that he did not speak to men who owned negroes. Mr. Thomason did not wait for a further expression from him, but seized the independent individual and nearly wore him out against the ground. A friend, attempting to interfere, was, by one blow from the powerful fist of Mr. Thomason, landed backward 'on the other side of Jordan.'

"A meeting of the citizens was called on the following morning, and a committee appointed to command Kelly to leave the place at one hour's notice. The absence in the town of the article 'tar' prevented the citizens from donning him a coat of tar and feathers. He left our town between two days; and should he ever come back, he will be forced to go through with a tight-rope performance."

KANSAS LEGISLATURE IGNORED—STATE ORGANIZATION RECOMMENDED.

From The Kansas Tribune, Extra.

The outrageous acts of the pseudo Legislature of Kansas having become intolerable, the people assembled in large numbers in Lawrence, yesterday, Aug. 14, and continued in session until the afternoon of the 15th. The Convention was conducted with great ability and its deliberations characterized by great harmony and courtesy. Not less than 600 persons from all parts of the Territory were in attendance, camping in wagons, putting up at our boarding-houses and with our citizens, and remaining over night to attend the deliberations of the second day. There was a deep feeling of indignation manifested against the outrageous acts of usurpation by which our people are enthralled, and a determination manifested to resist these usurpations at all hazards. Gen. Schuyler was chosen President, assisted by the usual number of Vice-Presidents and other officers.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were passed with great unanimity:

Whereas, By act of Congress, approved May 30, 1854, organizing a Government for the Territory of Kansas, a grant of legislative power was made to the lawful inhabitants of said Territory, to enable them to make such laws and establish such institutions as would be most desirable to themselves; and, in order to accomplish this, the said inhabitants were by said act empowered and directed to elect, according to a prescribed mode, a Territorial Legislature, with competent jurisdiction and capacity to act, under certain specified restrictions, over all rightful subjects of legislation; and whereas, while exercising the authority thus conferred to elect members of a Territorial Legislature, the Territory was invaded, and the inhabitants overborne by large and numerous bands of armed men from a foreign State, who violently took possession of nearly all places through the Territory at which said election was being held, who ruthlessly abolished the legally established mode of conducting the same, and who, according to their own mode, and by virtue of their own might, in utter disregard of the act of Congress, organizing a Government for the Territory, held an election for members of the Kansas Legislature, and elected certain persons as members of said Legislature; thus, to all intents and purposes, divesting the lawful inhabitants of the Territory of the entire grant of legislative power which had been made to them by the Congressional charter. And, whereas, The Legislature thus elected is now in session on the borders of Missouri, making laws for the governance of the inhabitants and citizens of Kansas; having recomposed its two bodies after its assemblage and organization—the majority expelling the minority, and authorizing and admitting other persons to fill the places of the ones expelled; having filled a vacancy (arising in consequence of a resignation) by their own act, without reference to the right of the people to elect; having fixed a temporary seat of Government at the Shawnee Mission, and, in pursuance of this, abandoned the place of meeting to which they had been convened by Executive proclamation; having now before them a bill, which they will probably enact into a law, making the right of suffrage in the Territory dependent on the payment of the sum of one dollar, without reference to the matter of inhabitancy, thus attempting to give up the ballot-box, by law, for all future time, to persons from foreign States; also a bill, which they will probably enact into a law, for the election, by themselves, of a Board of permanent Overseers, to be sent out into all the districts of the Territory, with power to levy taxes to any amount, and otherwise exact from, embarrass, drive and oppose the people, all, over and above, and in direct and meditated violation and open defiance of the act of Congress organizing a Government for the Territory of Kansas, and acts supplementary thereto. Therefore,

Resolved, By those of the People of Kansas Territory now here in mass meeting assembled:

1. That we regard the invasion of our Territory on the 30th of March last, as one of the greatest outrages upon the law of the land and the rights of free citizens ever attempted in this country; and the Legislature now in session on the borders of Missouri—the offspring of that invasion, and the inheritor of all its qualities of insolence, violence and tyranny—as a living insult to the judgment and feelings of the American people, and derogatory to the integrity and respectability of the Federal authority.

2. That we repel with defiance the pretension of that Legislature to make laws for the people of Kansas; that we regard it as acting entirely without the authority of law, not only in consideration of its having been elected against law, and in violation of the rights and will of the people, by armed men from a foreign State, but because its course since its meeting and organization has been utterly regardless of those conditions and requirements of the organic act essential to a valid discharge of legislative functions, such as has effected a complete forfeiture of any technicality of law by which, at first, it may have been supported.

3. That, as men born in a land of liberty, trained to precepts of freedom, and alive to those inspiring sentiments which have prompted, in all ages, heroic resistance to tyrants—as descendants of those who, in 1776, braved the power of the mightiest monarchy on earth, rather than submit to foreign thraldom—we repudiate this insolent attempt to impose upon us a Government by foreign arms; and pledge to each other, as our fathers did of old, "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour" to a resistance to its authority.

4. That we regard it, in this crisis, as incumbent upon the people to set aside all differences of political opinion; to cultivate a comprehensive and intimate intercourse with each other; to effect a thorough union, and otherwise prepare for the common defence.

5. That we consider the attempt to establish a territorial form of Government in this Territory as an utter failure; and that the people of the Territory should, at some convenient period, assemble, at their several places of holding elections in the various Districts of the Territory, and elect Delegates to a Convention to form a State Constitution for the State of Kansas, with the view to an immediate State organization, and application, at the next session of Congress, for admission into the American Union as one of the States of the American Confederacy.

6. That the people of Kansas can never be unmindful of the debt of gratitude they owe to the Hon. Andrew H. Reeder, for the firmness, ability and integrity shown in the discharge of his duty as the Executive of this Territory.

On motion of Mr. J. Speer, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That, in conformity to past recommendations, the Territorial Free State Executive Committee be requested to call a Convention of five Delegates to each Representative, to be appointed in the several Districts of Kansas, on the 25th day of August, to meet at Big Springs, on the 5th day of September next, for the purposes recommended in a call previously issued, and to take such other action as the exigencies of the times may demand.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

Henry S. Foote, late United States Senator from Mississippi, now of California, recently made a speech at Marysville, in which he made an allusion to the back-door transactions of 1850, by which Fillmore, Foote and other compromisers were brought into friendly political association. He said:

"The patriotic portion of the old Whig party, which adhered to Clay, Webster and Fillmore was, day by day, diminishing both in numbers and courage, and were openly complaining of being made the victims of a most relentless persecution, on account of their national affinities. It was discovered by several persons, who had the honour of being then in the Senate, that it had become necessary to put an end to this great and growing evil; and the humble individual who now addresses you, one day rose in his place in that body, and declared, for himself and other Senators with whom he had consulted, that they had resolved to tear up the evils alluded to by the roots, *by refusing, in all cases, to confirm the nominations* which could be traced to a certain official personage (pointing at the moment to the chair occupied by the celebrated Senator from New York), and expressing the belief that the political heresy of Free Soil would be effectually extirpated so soon as *the aspiring young men of the North could be taught the salutary lesson*, that the pathway to official elevation did not lie over the ruins of the Federal Constitution.

"I had not long taken my seat before Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, one of the purest and most patriotic men that has ever occupied a place in the national councils, came to me and stated that Vice-President Fillmore, then presiding officer in the Senate, *had requested him to make known to me that he perfectly concurred in the views which I had just expressed, and that he would be pleased to have an interview with me on the subject, in his official room in the Capitol, at the hour of nine o'clock next morning*. I promised to attend upon him at the time and place specified. I did so.

"Without going fully into particulars at present, it is sufficient for me to say, that I *obtained, by the direction of Mr. Fillmore* from the hands of an accredited friend of his, *a list of the nominees subject to the objection of being violent agitators of the question of slavery. This whole catalogue of worthies was disposed of in the Senate*; in other words, they were *sacrificed* to the peace of the country; save one or two, whose nominations remained to be acted upon on the last night of that session of Congress.

"They were disposed of *by Mr. Fillmore himself*, on that same night; for, just before the clock of the Senate struck twelve, this gentleman, being then President, *sent in a special message, withdrawing all the offensive nominations*, and substituting others in their stead."

THE BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To the Editors of The British Friend.

Sirs: The friendly interest your paper has often manifested towards the anti-slavery cause induces me to offer an article for its columns.

As an American, I have long and attentively studied the existence of slavery and its probable consequences, not only in that country, but upon the cause of freedom throughout the world. No subject can have stronger claims upon the attention of the wise and good everywhere, viewed either as a political and social evil, or as a sin and crime against God.

The slaves in the United States are three and a half millions. Half a million are now added to the number in every ten years. Education is forbidden them by law. Marriage is no more sacred to them than to the beasts of the field. Such terms as husband and wife, parent and child, are unknown in the vocabulary of slavery. And generally slaves are less considered and cared for than their master's horses which they groom, or his hounds which are taught to hunt or tear them in pieces, if they attempt to fly from his power.

The Government is bent on perpetuating the evil. It prevented abolition in the South American Republics as long as possible. But for its interference, there would probably to-day be no slavery in Cuba; and now that island is to be seized and annexed to the United States as the only means of prolonging the evil on its soil. Texas, New Mexico and California are already conquered and secured to slavery. The whole of Central America, as far down as the great valley of the Amazon, has been explored and reported upon as favourable to slavery, and as by nature a part of the Territory of the United States. Should the rapacity of the nation remain unchecked, its Southern boundary would, in a few years, overleap the tropic of Capricorn, and its slaves number a score of millions. Already it is proposed to restore the African slave trade, to increase the number of the hapless victims; and ministers are found, even in the Northern States, to defend that traffic from the Bible, as one of God's own plans for the salvation of Africa.

The moral and religious condition of such a country cannot be mistaken. Such evils and crimes can only spring from a public sentiment, corrupt in the extreme, no matter what may be the religious pretensions or professions. To correct this public sentiment, as the only way effectually to abolish slavery, is the object of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Its aims are not political, but moral—indeed, eminently *religious*—for all its appeals are to the understanding and the conscience. Truth is its only instrumentality—its weapons are light and love. A quarter of a century ago it began its work, and to the present time it holds unswervingly to its high purpose—THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar is an annual sale, commencing at Christmas, and continuing until New Year's Day, and sometimes longer. It is conducted by benevolent ladies, who are thus able to render most valuable aid to the anti-slavery cause. By this noble consecration on their part of money, time and labour, the American Anti-Slavery Society has been enabled greatly to extend its operations, until its newspapers and tracts, and the voice of its lecturing agents, are now speaking to the ear and heart of millions of the American people. Nor are they appealing in vain. The change in the public mind on the great sin and crime of slavery has been most cheering for the last two years. Never could the friends of freedom appeal to the world for aid with more encouragement than now; never did the ladies of the Boston Bazaar invite the coöperation of their friends in great Britain with so high hopes as at the present moment; never with such certainty of a sure, if not a speedy, triumph.

Unfortunately, many excellent people in Great Britain do not discriminate between the true and the false, in their endeavour to aid the anti-slavery cause. Many men, white and coloured, some of them professing to be fugitive slaves, have travelled in this country, addressing meetings and collecting money, sometimes in the name of a Society, but always in the name of anti-slavery; and very serious impositions have been practised. Last year, a man, professing to be a minister, went about England, raising much money, as he pretended, for a Society in New York; and the Secretary of that Society published, over his own signature, a disavowal of any connection with such a man. More recently, a coloured man, professing to be a fugitive slave, appeared in Liverpool. There he procured money of ministers and others, partly by borrowing, partly by donation, and in one instance he was detected in stealing. In a few days he was pursued by the police of Lancaster, where he had been perpetrating similar frauds; he, however, eluded their search, and the next week appeared in Warrington and Chester, under another name, pursuing his accustomed work.

Then there are others who are raising rich contributions for "Vigilance Committees," "Canada Missions to Fugitive Slaves," for coloured schools and churches, and for individual, newspaper and other enterprises, not strictly and scrupulously anti-slavery, but mixtures of politics and other alloy. Most of these are very well and proper in their way, but they will not abolish the slave system, nor even weaken it. No matter how many "Vigilance Committees" there are to help fugitives to Canada; but they need no agents in this country to collect money, now that almost the entire Northern States have become a Vigilance *Committee of the whole* for that object, and never could it properly be considered *anti-slavery* work to aid those who only propose to help the slave after he has escaped.

So, too, of Canada Missions. The poor should have the Gospel everywhere. But sending it to Canada, to the coloured poor, though they were once slaves, is surely not abolishing the dreadful slave system. Anti-slavery proposes the abolition of the great crime and curse everywhere, root and branch; not the confining it within constitutional limits, while protecting it there with the whole power of the Government. Such is the political remedy, and it is all that the nature of the Constitution permits to the politician, who is sworn to respect that oppressive instrument.

Anti-slavery is not merely a "Vigilance Committee," aiding a few fugitives to Canada under cover of night, but a bold and daring onset upon the great Bastile itself, demanding immediately the deliverance of every captive, in the name of humanity, and by the law of the eternal God.

Anti-slavery is not the proclamation of the Gospel to a few self-emancipated slaves in Canada, important though that may be; but it is preaching righteousness to a great and guilty nation of oppressors, more wicked than ever trembled at the denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, or drew down the anger of an avenging God for their crimes and cruelties.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, in whose behalf the annual Bazaar is held, has long been as well and favourably known to many friends of freedom in this country as it has been feared and dreaded by the tyrants and oppressors of America. Every gift laid upon its altar is religiously appropriated to the one great object of diffusing light and truth on the subject of slavery, and the surest, wisest and best means for its entire and speedy abolition, first in its own country, and then throughout the world. Yours, &c., Parker Pillsbury.

July 16th, 1855.

THE BLACK LAWS IN KANSAS.

[From The St. Louis Democrat, August 15.]

In another column will be found a transcript of a law recently passed by the Lower House of the Kansas Legislature in regard to the "better protection of slave property." We invite the attention of Missourians especially, and in fact the whole people of the United States, to its bloody provisions, whereby the life of a white man is made of less consequence and value than the services of a negro slave. Our correspondent, writing from Kansas, speaking of its provisions, says that, "in utter disregard of the natural rights of free speech and thought, it is only paralleled by one thing in all past history."

To this remark we do not assent; it is neither profound nor accurate. Many acts more severe in provisions and more proscriptive as regards opinion have been passed, and even the resolution not to have the law printed has been more than equalled in the past. A Roman Emperor is said to have written his edicts so fine, and hung them so high, that the people could not read them, and thereupon to have glutted his appetite for blood to the utmost upon the unconscious violators. This, we think, fully parallels the decision of the Kansas Legislature not to print their Draconian code on the subject of slave property. To the twelfth section, however, it is our purpose, at present, to call more especial attention. It reads as follows:

Sec. 12. If any free person, by speaking or by writing, assert or maintain *that persons have not the right to hold slaves in the Territory*, or shall introduce into Kansas, print, publish, write, circulate, or cause to be introduced into the Territory, written, printed, published, or circulated in this Territory, any book, paper magazine, pamphlet or circular containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this Territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony and punished by imprisonment at hard labour for a term not less than two years.

This is neither more nor less than making a difference of opinion, upon a constitutional question, a penitentiary offence. It establishes the prison and the pillory as the arbiter of constitutional law, in preference to the judiciary of the land, and makes the human mind square its convictions to the ideas of a few accidentally elected legislators. The "Procrustian bed" has been a myth heretofore; it promises soon to be a shamble and a slaughter-house in reality. Men are no longer to be permitted, in the new Territory, to express abstract opinions upon moral questions without suffering the ignominious penalties of a State penitentiary, and this is what is called opening the Territories to the people of the whole Union, and admitting all persons to the enjoyment of its fair lands.

Squatter sovereignty was much lauded by Gen. Cass and Mr. Douglas, in the outset, and yet, under this phase of it, both Mr. Douglas and Cass would be sent to the State prison if they dared to utter in Kansas Territory what they have repeatedly said in glowing language in the Senate of the United States.

In regard to this law we have but few words to say, and they may be said very briefly. We are in favour of the protection of slave property, and the rights of slaveholders, where slavery exists, by all laws and statutes that can be enforced, and human intelligence does not revolt at. But this is none such. It could not be enforced, as was well said in the debate on its passage, even in South Carolina, much less in Kansas. It is foolish in operation, and will prove reactionary.

Massachusetts assuredly destroyed the Know-Nothing party in the United States by the ultra course of her Legislature—by ignoring the Fugitive Slave law—and by enacting the Personal Liberty bill. The result, too, will prove that the Kansas Legislature has done more to destroy the prospect of making that Territory a slave State, by its ill-tempered, senseless, school-boy legislation, and by the enactment of the present "Black laws," than could have been effected by all the cohorts of the Emigrant Aid Society, or by all the zeal of Northern fanatical divines.

SENATOR SUMNER TO PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

Lake Superior, On Board the North Star,
Saturday, August 11, 1855.

My Dear Sir: With astonishment and indignation I have learned the story of your imprisonment; and now, from this distant retreat, where I am for the moment, I make haste to send you my sympathy.

From beginning to end—from side to side, and in every aspect—this transaction can be regarded only as a clear, indubitable and utterly unmitigated outrage. The new-fangled doctrine, that a slave-master can *voluntarily* import his alleged slave—of course with all the revolting incidents of slavery—into the Free States, is not more odious than it is preposterous. It is scouted by reason and disowned by universal jurisprudence. You were right in disregarding it. In stepping forward to remind persons, claimed as slaves on this pretext, that all such claim is baseless, you did a good work. It was this knowledge which filled them with confidence to regain their God-given liberty. And for this it appears that you have been brought before a man who, "dressed in a little brief authority," has cast you into prison. This outrage is rendered more outrageous by the way in which it was done.

It was perpetrated through the perversion of the great writ of habeas corpus. This writ of freedom and deliverance, which in England has often been styled the palladium of the Constitution—which is recognised as a distinctive feature of Constitutional Government—which finds no place in a despotism, and which is the very master-key appointed to unlock prison doors and let the oppressed go free—has been made, in your case, by a hocus-pocus without precedent, the instrument of imprisonment and oppression.

Strange and disgraceful as all this is, it must be considered as the natural fruit of slavery. Any person, whosoever he may be—whether simple citizen or magistrate—who undertakes to uphold this wrong, seems forthwith to lose his reason. He may be just, humane and decent in other things, but in the support of slavery he becomes unjust, inhuman and indecent—often in obvious unconsciousness of his degradation. The blindness which makes him insensible to a wrong so transcendent, naturally makes him insensible to the lesser wrong by which it is maintained. What is the writ of habeas corpus, the trial by jury, the privilege of debate, or your liberty or mine, in the estimation of a person who has already screwed himself to the pitch of injustice necessary for the vindication of an institution which separates parent and child—which stamps woman as a concubine—which shuts the gates of knowledge, and which snatches from the weak all the hard-earned fruits of incessant toil?

But there must be an end to these things; and as Shakspeare found a jewel in the toad's head, so do I find a cheering omen even in the injustice which has made you its victim. There is an old saying handed down from distant antiquity, that "Whoso the gods wish to destroy they first make mad"; and I have often of late been impressed by its truth. The Slave Oligarchy is mad, and their overflowing madness runs through every agent and tool. In all that they do—especially in the Fugitive Slave bill and its cruel enforcement, the Nebraska bill and its felonious administration, and now in the imprisonment of an unoffending citizen—I rejoice to believe that there is unmistakable evidence of that madness which precedes a fall. Verily the day is at hand when returning justice will once more hear sway; then, among the triumphs of Freedom, will be a reckoning with unjust judges.

Meanwhile, accept my congratulations on the portion of responsibility and dignity which is yours. It is a privilege to suffer for truth; and I envy not the meanness of that soul which would hesitate to prefer your place within the stone walls of a prison to the cushioned bench of the magistrate by whose irrational and tyrannical edict you have been condemned.

Believe me, my dear sir, with much regard,
Very faithfully yours, Charles Sumner.

Passmore Williamson, Esq., Moyamensing Prison, Phila.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

BRECKINRIDGE vs. SUMNER.

In a previous number we have commented upon the more pugnacious portion of the letter of Rev. R. J. Breckinridge to Charles Sumner, and disclosed the brutal and bloody threats always so ready to leap to the mouth from the angry heart of the slaveholder. Desist from your anti-slavery enterprise, or we will wage civil war upon you—war in which the North "*will not be waited for, but sought on the soil where she vainly supposes no danger can come*"—war to the last man—in the insane and godless purpose of maintaining against the civilized world, our robbery of the rights of man. This is the plain meaning of the considerations urged in the first half of this remarkable letter, and, in fact, glaring through the whole of it, like the spirit of a fiend. We now propose to call the attention of the author of this most *unapostolic* epistle to some of the glaring sophistries and falsehoods which serve to eke out its violence.

You undertake to characterize as an absolute untruth Mr. Sumner's assertion "that slavery divests its victim of his human character and declares him to be a mere chattel." "There is not," you say, "a single slave State in this Union whose laws divest the slave of his human character. There is not a single one whose laws declare him to be a mere chattel." This is a most gallant and desperate stand to take; and if it only needed courage and effrontery in lieu of facts and arguments to maintain it, you might defy the world, which, having had, in all ages, some observation and some experience of slavery, have consented to hold an opposite opinion. So imperious are you in your purpose to impose upon the country your own theories of morals and of politics, so successful have you been in schooling venal Northern ministers and doughface politicians to mouth whatever egregious propositions you have put forth to justify your usurpations, that we must not be surprised if you even claim for the code of slavery that it does not divest men of their human character, or reduce them to chattels.

If slavery does not divest the slave of his human character, what of his human character does it recognise and protect?

The distinctive human character is reason. Reason is the attribute which makes man, not property, but the possessor of property; it is the faculty whereby man is superior to nature and lord of the brute creation. Its normal action is the acquirement of intelligence. "*A slave*," says Judge Ruffin of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, "*is one doomed, in his own person and his posterity*, TO LIVE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, *and without the capacity to make anything his own.*" This is not the language of a rhetorician; it is a dry legal definition of the status of a slave, pronounced by one authorized to interpret judicially the code of slavery. The form of intelligence which all civilized governments recognise and cultivate is that acquired by the knowledge of reading written language. In every slave State, not only is no provision made for the instruction of slaves in letters, but it is a penal offence for any one to teach them to read.

Another characteristic of a human being is his natural rights. These are, by good Southern authority, the right to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness. Will you contend for a moment that your Kentucky slavery does not completely and effectually deprive the slaves of these rights?

Another right of man in society is his right to be consulted in the formation and administration of government. "All just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed." Slavery not only deprives of political rights all slaves, but joins in the proscription all their kith and colour even in most of the free States.

Still, slavery does recognise some of the attributes of humanity. A slave is entitled to be punished for crimes. These are an undefined, undefinable legion towards his master, from an insolent look up to the audacity of a blow, and not a few towards society. In the criminal's dock the slave rises to the dignity of a man. For him the Court-bell rings, the Judge puts on his wig, and learned counsel think it not derogatory to defend him; he even gets honoured with the escort of the sheriff and his dignities to and from the prison, and is waited upon at the gallows with all those touching courtesies that are extended to white men in the same predicament. So eager are slaveholders to bring home to slave criminals the sense of their responsibility, that not unfrequently they assemble, from far and near, and anticipate the slow methods of the law by impromptu hangings and burnings—a procedure which would be quite absurd were there no *human* conscience to be affected by the guilt of which they have so lively a sense.

The lash, the universal incentive to labour, is an appeal to foresight—if not a human faculty, one which is only feebly shared by a few superior brutes. Slavery recognises the human affections and the human sensibilities in its skill to outrage the one and torture the other. It has a devilish sagacity to determine whose pride may be cowed, how mortal fear may be excited, how every feeling and passion may be appealed to to subserve its purposes and maintain its power. In fact, the whole theory of slavery with reference to the grade of the slave's intellect and his proper place in the animal creation is based not upon philosophy and science, but upon considerations of *discipline*. It avails itself of so much of the slave's human intelligence as makes him a useful tool, a servant, a mechanic, a cook, an hostler, an agriculturist, and coolly pockets the avails of his labour in these departments, while it refuses to admit the capacity which supports the slaveholder, might be sufficient to support the slave, or to yield a single privilege or right which such intelligence entitles him to. The slaveholder boasts of the faithfulness and devotion of the affectionate African, and, without a blush, tells of traits of nobleness he himself never was capable of, while he would dog an Othello or a Douglass to Madawaska, and there meanly chaffer with the very scum of society, to compass the recapture of his self-emancipated bondman, if he should further vindicate the world's good opinion by running away from the service of such an ignoble tyrant as himself. There never was any sincerity or generosity in his praises. He only paraded them in the hearing of his slave to ensure and perpetuate his degradation. It was a mere contrivance of *discipline*. He gives him religious instruction for two reasons—first, to humbug the Northern clergy and their adherents with the idea that slavery is compatible with and promotive of Christianity; second, and principally, to maintain *discipline* by connecting the earthly sufferings of the slaves with an appointment of Providence, and making them submissive, and by stimulating their naturally strong religious affections, not for the purpose of bringing to their knowledge a just God, the common Father of all, but to set up in his place his pitiful self, with all his turbulent passions and low vices, as an exclusive object of worship and obedience—a fouler *fetisch* than the most benighted heathen ever shuddered at.

You are, if anything, still more unfortunate in your next proposition. "*There is not a single slave State whose laws declare the slave to be a mere chattel.*" Here is the definition of a slave, in the civil code of Louisiana: "*A slave is one who is in the power of a master*, TO WHOM HE BELONGS. *The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry and his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to his master.*" There is no humanity, no personality even, no other idea repeated, in different forms, in this whole definition, than that of a subject of *property*, and that is the essential idea of a chattel. But in South Carolina the status of slavery has been defined in these terms: "*Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be* CHATTELS *personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assigns,* TO ALL INTENTS, PURPOSES AND CONSTRUCTIONS WHATSOEVER."

Who does not recollect how, a few years ago, Henry Clay, of your own State, in answer to the project of emancipation, stated, in the Senate, that the thing was preposterous, because the slaves in the Union were worth $200,000,000, an amount of property which Abolitionism proposed to destroy, thus making slavery a mere question of property? Who has forgotten the same Senator's declaration referring to the same matter? "That is property *which the law makes property.*" Is it not as property that the slave is reclaimed in the free States and his value recovered of those who have aided his escape? Have not the rights of slaveholders in the Territories been urged on the assertion of their right to carry their *property* with them? Is not the slaveholder's right to his slave while passing through or visiting a free State, now on trial in the Supreme Court, in the Lemmon case, urged exclusively on the ground of the absoluteness of his property in the slave? Only last Spring, Henry A. Wise thus writes to Nehemiah Adams, the author of "A South-side View of Slavery": "What are you writing to me about? Slavery—African slavery in the Southern States of this Union; a property—*property by the law of the States*—property protected by the Constitution and laws of the United States—private property, held by individual proprietors, by the same authority of sovereignties and of constitutions, and of statutes, as houses, and horses, and lands, and ships, and goods of trade are held?"

Here is no analogy of ruler and subject, parent and child, guardian and ward; no relation which may be made "analogous to the right which one has to a chattel," but the open, explicit, bold claim of property, and mere property, "*held as horses are held.*" We think Henry A. Wise as well qualified to pronounce authoritatively on the slave code as Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge. And yet, making the assertion contradicted by the very letter of the laws of slavery, by all its great legal and political champions, contradicted by yourself, in the same paragraph, you characterize Mr. Sumner's position, obvious to the universal common sense, Northern and Southern, as a "double perfidious quibble"!

Wild and guilty as is the phantasy that man can hold property in man, since your scholars and law-makers and statesmen have put your claims on that basis, you had better adhere to it. The relations of ruler and subject, of parent and child, of guardian and ward, are all beneficial, reciprocal and temporary relations; they are general, not local; they suppose reciprocal advantages and require mutual consent; they place neither party beyond the pale of law and the common responsibilities of society; they are necessary relations of human nature or of human society. Slavery resembles neither of them. It is permanent and not temporary; it springs not from consent, but from violence, and is perpetuated by force; it is not reciprocally advantageous, but is for the profit of one party and the suffering and privation of another; it places one party *dehors* the law as to protection from outrage and abuse; it is local, the most enlightened and powerful States wholly dispensing with it. In letting go the sanction of positive law, and fleeing to natural right for a vindication of slavery, you let in the whole force of the laws of God and common sentiments of mankind to combat, with fearful power, against your wicked practices. You can give slavery the dignity of an institution, just as you can prostitution or cannibalism. It began in avarice and in indolence and theft; this is a historical fact that cannot be denied. The law of the United States now pronounces the origin of American slavery, *piracy*. That cannot be a normal and righteous relation of society which can only be inaugurated by a capital and odious crime. It has been continued only by avarice, pride and love of power. Such motives can sanction no institution. That which it was a crime *per se* to begin, it can only be a crime to continue.

THE MORALS OF SLAVERY.

"J. B." (we suspect the letters stand for Jonathan Blanchard, once an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, now President of Knox College, though we may be mistaken) is giving in *The Independent* an account of a visit to the region of Mr. Fee's labours in Kentucky. In the course of his travels he spent a night at the house of a wealthy slaveholder, of whom and his family he speaks as follows:

But to "mine host," the wealthy slaveholder. He was a poor Kentucky boy—married a girl (born on the spot where she now lives) and thirty or forty thousand dollars. He has sold four thousand nine hundred dollars' worth of her negroes—has built a fine house, has beautiful shrubbery, elegant stock, fields groaning beneath their weight of crops; beside a flouring mill which coins money for him, plenty of negroes left (though some have lately run away), and is altogether a gentlemanly, kind sort of a man till you come in him to the devil of slavery. Even that devil would almost quit him, but he is in terror of his fellow despots, who wince in their consciences as he does not continue in sin, and curse those who show symptoms of repentance. Here the fair side ends.

He had four children, two almost grown. He had sold others' children, and God took his. His wife is a fine Kentucky woman, not well read (and yet has read "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"), who, while her children remained, stayed her heart on them, and thought she trusted in God. She is now inconsolable. And the pell-mell ways of slaveholding Methodism have little in them to teach her patience and submission to God. White scoundrels haunt her kitchen by night, and she fires on them with a shot-gun.

"The wretches," says she, "ruin my slave girls by night—but they won't speak to them by day; and these are the despicable creatures who curse me for befriending and being run over by my niggers. I will wash my hands of it before I die. You are strangers to me (myself and a brother), but, if ever you hear of me, you will see that what I *say*, that I will do. *I will wash my hands of it!*" (with an intensity of tone and emotion I cannot describe).

She called, and a young woman brought a fair babe, almost white, and placed it upon her lap; the babe reached up to kiss her cheek, showing it was wont to be fondled by her.

"This child," said she, "shows how my white neighbours hate the niggers! And to think I may strive and train this poor thing, and her grow up and be spoiled by some of those wretches, as they have spoiled her mother! They agreed with the mother to kill it, and she would, too, if it hadn't been for me. And yet she was as good a girl as ever I saw, all but this. I went into the kitchen and took it and she raving and reaching round for the scissors to kill it, and when I prevented that, and she lay there sick, she refused to let it suck, and her breasts bursting with milk; till the other slave said, 'Aunt Mary I would just smack her, to act as she does.' Many a time since she has said to me '*That child would have been in heaven if it hadn't been for you!*'

"But now I fondle it and call it mine, and make of it, and she begins to love it." (Of course she loved it all the time, but shame burning for her lost purity, ignorance, and horror at her infant's future, made her willing to please the white devil, its father, by sending it to heaven by the scissors.)

"Oh," continued the mistress, with relief gained by utterance, which would have kept her talking till now, "Oh! you will see that I will make my word good, and wash my hands of this thing, if for nothing but to spite the creatures who abuse me for pitying these poor niggers, and letting them run over me as I do. But I am in a close place. If I talk with a lawyer, they tell me I can't get rid of 'em without sending them to Liberia; and I have nobody to console or counsel me how to do. [Kentucky swarms with religious advisers.] And my children are gone, and here I am all day run over by these blacks, that you can't make much better while they are as they are; and many a time I sit down and cry, merely not knowing what to do, and my niggers all exposed if I should be taken away—for if my head was once under the sod, they would go like snow before the sun. But you'll see *I'll wash* my *hands of this thing*, and, though you do not see me again, if you *hear* of me, you'll see I make my words good." *Amen and Amen.* So may her words be made good. Meantime, may she trust in God—pray for and love her husband as commanded—and may God deliver the high-spirited woman of Kentucky from her hard condition. J. B.

DR. LORD REVIEWED.

To the Editors of The Standard.

I have been much pleased in seeing Rev. S. McKeen's review of Dr. Lord's pro-slavery pamphlet. The character of that pamphlet, as a powerful effort to defend Slavery, the Fugitive law, and the Kansas and Nebraska perfidy, is well known to your readers, and it will give pleasure to know that the President of Dartmouth has been fairly met by a clergyman of his own denomination. Rev. S. McKeen is a Congregational minister of Bradford, Vt., and belongs to the same ministerial association of which Dr. Lord is a member. The review, now published in pamphlet form, was first read in a meeting of that association, and, I believe, when Dr. Lord was present. Though the Dartmouth pro-slavery D.D. has been reviewed by several writers before, I presume this pamphlet of Rev. S. McKeen will tell most powerfully, not only upon the community, but also upon the Doctor's own mind, if not his conscience, as the reviewer is a clergyman of ability and of much and deserved influence, not only as an anti-slavery man and writer, but as a member of the Orthodox body to which he belongs.

My object, however, in writing this, is to give you the sum of the contents of Dr. Lord's pamphlet, that you may see into what "profound depths of moral depravity" a New England D.D. and professor of moral science in a New England college may sink. I had not the patience necessary to give the pro-slavery pamphlet a careful reading. I have, long since, been disgusted at such obtuseness in morals and such blasphemous tweedle-twadle in theology. But from this able review I cull the following. They are the propositions maintained by Dr. Lord.

I. "It ought to be seriously considered whether slavery *may not be* of Divine origin, and, of course, right in principle, notwithstanding any wrong use which has been made of it."

II. "That slavery is an institution of God, according to natural religion."

III. "That slavery is a positive institution of revealed religion."

IV. "That the holding of slaves, or the carrying on of a system of slavery, by civil regulations, in accordance with the Divine plan, as understood by natural and revealed religion, is not inconsistent with any ideas or principles otherwise suggested or enjoined by the providence or word of God."

V. "Those interpretations of the law of love which set it in opposition to slavery, independently of its abuses, are fallacious, wherever their fallacy lies."

VI. "That there is no more force in objections against the institution of slavery, independently of its abuses, or reason for confining it within geographical limits, than there would be in objections to domestic, civil or ecclesiastical government, because sometimes abused."

VII. "That the *Nebraska Bill*, passed by the Congress of 1854, was a politic measure, and suited, by extending the area of slavery, to promote the best interests of our country."

VIII. "It is unwise and hazardous for Christian men to denounce or oppose the institution of slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, or to give encouragement, directly or indirectly, to romantic and excited persons, who would subvert it before the time."

IX. "Ministers of the Gospel and all other Christian men should take the doctrines and practices of the Abolitionists into serious consideration, and use the most effectual means in their power to withstand them, and to save the nation from their pernicious influence."

X. "Slavery in this nation has been so wickedly abused by injurious laws and customs, not at all necessary to the institution itself, and by withholding from the slaves that which is just and equal and properly due to them in their allotted sphere, that the institution has been dishonoured, and the displeasure of God against the nation itself has been provoked."

XI. "Whether a minister of the Gospel who has become convinced that slavery is a Divine institution, and who could, without conscientious misgivings, and with gratitude to God for such an opportunity of benefitting his degraded and suffering creatures, become himself a slaveholder, may not still hope for the forgiveness and charity of his brethren, though he differs from them in the honest profession of his views?"

Now, dear Standard, is it any wonder that Dartmouth College has long had so many Southern students? And, does it not seem probable that Dr. Lord is, at least, mentally, a candidate for some honourable and profitable post in the South? Is it not manifest that he is of like sentiment with John Mitchel? Do you think he would object to owning a good Alabama plantation, stocked with five hundred slaves? Seriously, what a dark picture would be before us if the President of Dartmouth were the best specimen of New England divines or moralists. But, even in dark Dartmouth, light has arisen. Let the people everywhere know that, at the last Commencement, Wendell Phillips and Salmon P. Chase were present, as speakers, by the invitation of the students. What a withering rebuke of the President! Would that Hanover might soon become too hot a place for him, and that he might be obliged to seek refuge in some cooler *Southern* retreat.

Topsham, Vt. N. R. J.

We recommend the following statement to the attention of our readers. Mrs. Legrand is making arrangements to commence a school for coloured children in this city, and any one disposed to render her any assistance can do so through this office.

CASE OF CAROLINE LEGRAND.

Caroline Legrand, formerly Caroline Donët, a captain's daughter, born at Carcassone (south of France). From the age of thirteen felt it her vocation to become a teacher. Used to see numbers of slaves on board of the vessels frequenting the port of La Rochelle, in which city she was brought up. Conceived the idea of founding a free school for coloured children in one of the French Colonies. When about seventeen, she accompanied her mother to Paris. Wished to pass the necessary examination to qualify her, under the law, to become a school-mistress. Her mother opposed the project. Caroline then sought Madame De Lamartine and the Princess De Craon, through whose interest she procured a situation as teacher in Martinique, 1834. Was eighteen and a half years old. On attaining her majority, in 1837, she was free to prosecute her favourite idea, of teaching coloured people, and she went to Guadaloupe. A school for adults and children of colour was in existence here, but no similar school existed for young coloured ladies. To supply this deficiency was Caroline Legrand's idea. A Madame St. Laurent, who had attempted to establish one, had been forced to quit the Colony. Through the influence of Monsieur De Lamartine, Caroline Legrand procured the requisite authorization, but she was refused permission to admit slaves to her classes. Subsequently, she was allowed to establish an evening religious class for them. Her scholars were mixed. About a half-third of them were to obtain their freedom at the age of fourteen, the necessary steps for that purpose having been taken, as required by law. There were also four American children at the school, three of whom were orphans. The expenses of the school were very heavy, and numerous offers were made her to abandon her enterprise, all of which she refused. She continued to carry it forward successfully, being nobly protected and aided by M. De Lamartine, and having a few boarders. Every kind of persecution was directed against her, but she resisted them all. The whole subject ultimately came under the notice of the Home Government, and was published in a report, on which the *Société Elémentaire* of Paris awarded her the bronze medal of merit. The local persecutions were, however, continued, and in 1840 certain enactments were passed which might have caused her school to be closed, and forced her to quit the colony. She therefore at once repaired to Paris, leaving her school, by appointment, in the hands of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Through the influence of M. De Lamartine, she obtained the official recognition of her school, and it was now placed under the protection of the Government, with an allowance to the mistress.

In 1841, she returned to Guadaloupe, and took up her abode at Port Louis (Basseterre). The local authorities, however, refused to do anything for the school, and she was compelled to assert her rights as a Government *protégé*, and forced the Municipal Council to come to a decision on the subject. It caused some very warm discussions, and the Council broke up twice on the question for the admittance of the scholars at church. The opposing members resigned rather than support the motion. At length she obtained the requisite permission. Her school was based on the principle that white and black coloured should enjoy the same privileges.

Things went on pretty well for a time, but on the cease of the Governor (Rear-Admiral Gourbeyre), who befriended her, the persecutions recommenced. Several attempts on her life were made by her enemies. Once she was upset in a boat, the boatman having been bribed. Another attempt was made to carry her off, and ship her to France, and, on another occasion, she was poisoned. She was happily preserved by her coloured under-mistress, who recognised the presence of a vegetable poison, and administered an antidote. Her enemies were her own family, and one of the agents of the Government, M. Jules B[illegible]coq, Director of the Interior.

These persecutions seriously affected her health, which had been already deteriorated by attacks of yellow fever. The marshy water which she was obliged to drink during the great heats of summer also brought on maladies of a dangerous kind, so that she found herself obliged to determine upon quitting the Colony for a season. This she did in 1846. Before doing so, however, she succeeded in placing at the head of the school a coloured lady of St. Barthelemy, a member of the family of the De Bigars, and who has since suffered great persecution. The activity and influence of her enemies were sufficient to enable them to place obstacles in the way of her return; conditions being exacted of her that rendered it impossible. She has, however, the satisfaction of knowing that her school is still in existence.

Shortly after her return to Carcassone, she fell under the displeasure of the present Government; in consequence of her political ideas, and on account of her religious views. She felt it to be her duty to protest against popish jurisdiction, in 1847, as exercised by the Curé of her native town, and became "a suspected person." Soon after the *coup d' état*, having been subject to such bitter persecution in her native town, it became necessary for her to seek an asylum elsewhere, and she made her escape to England. There she married Mr. Anthony Legrand, who had been *Marechal des logis* in the first regiment of Cuirassiers, but who, having been reprimanded by his captain for his negative votes for the Empire, and struck by an officer for whistling a revolutionary air, returned the blow and immediately fled. With great difficulty he reached England, by way of Switzerland, Mayence, and Holland. Mr. Legrand is by trade a tapestry maker and black dyer, and hopes to get employment at the latter.

This paper cannot better be concluded than in the words of Caroline Legrand herself, as conveyed in a letter she has addressed to the Secretary of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*:

"My object, sir, is easy to be understood; I entertain the profound conviction that we live to do as much good as possible; that we are not without reproach here below if we do not devote ourselves according to our position in life, our faculties, and our means, to extend the limits of human welfare by advancing morality, education and religion. And what is worthier of interest than to kindle the light of intelligence on the forehead of those who were degraded by the scourge and by the auction block? What mission can be nobler than to seek to close the fearful abyss yawning between the unfortunate beings who are deprived of the exercise of their natural rights and of their social obligations, and those who by an arbitrary exercise of rights never given to them by God, have brutalized the former to the very lowest degree.

"I am not afraid or ashamed to declare, that my object has been, and is, to elevate the black and the people of colour—to raise them to their proper level, and to reinstate them in the eyes of the whites—to develop faculties that have been denied to exist, or have been artfully ignored—to soften down prejudices unholy and unnatural—to instruct young girls so as to fit them to become good mothers, happy, esteemed, worthy to bring up children in the way they should go—and to prepare a reconciliation between the races, difficult perhaps, but not impossible. This is my purpose in going to America. I go with the hope and the convictions which carried me to Martinique and Guadaloupe, and where I trust I may soon be enabled to do something for the sacred cause for which my heart has throbbed since my childhood."

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH IN PENNSYLVANIA.

As some misapprehension seems to exist as to the movements of Mr. Burleigh, who commences a lecturing tour, this week, in Pennsylvania, we are requested by him to give a list of his appointments. He will be at a Temperance Meeting near Springville, Chester Co., on Saturday, the 1st, but will be present at the Anti-Slavery Convention at Norristown on the evening of that day, and will also lecture on Slavery at the same place, the day following, Sunday, at 2 and 7 o'clock, P. M. His following appointments are as follows:

Kimberton, Chester Co., Anti-Slavery Meeting, Sept. 3d, 7 o'clock, P. M.

Lionville (Anti-Slavery), 5th, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Downingtown (Anti-Slavery), 6th, 7 o'clock, P. M.

Near Shannonville, Montgomery Co. (Temperance Meeting, in the woods), 8th, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Trappe, Montgomery Co. (Anti-Slavery), 8th, 7, P. M.

Woods near Shannonville (Anti-Slavery), 9th, 10 o'clock, A. M., and 1, P. M.

Radnor, Delaware Co. (Temperance and Anti-Slavery), 11th, 10 o'clock, A. M., and 7, P. M.

Lyceum Lecture, at West Chester, evening of the [illegible], probably.

And on the 16th, Mr. Burleigh expects to be at the Meeting of Progressive Friends in the Meeting-house at Longwood.

Progress.—"To be tried by his peers" may become the privilege of the coloured man who is unfortunate, or so criminal, as to be charged with offence against the laws; and what is, perhaps, of more consequence, the equality of the coloured citizen will yet be generally recognised by requiring him, in common with the whites, to serve upon juries. If that position is a burden, as many are disposed to consider it, it should be shared by the coloured man, as a good citizen possessing the same interests with all others in the health and welfare of the body-politic; and if it is an honour and privilege, it belongs equally to him, and is only withheld from him by the same spirit which makes him a slave in one half of the country, and a social outlaw in the rest.

To summon a coloured man as a juror, therefore, is a mark of progress, and we observe, with no small gratification, that such a fact has recently occurred in this State. Mr. John D. Berry, of Watkins, Schuyler Co., was summoned, on the 13th ult., to serve as a juror in a criminal trial, and took his seat in the jury-box. Mr. Berry is said to be a very respectable and intelligent man, residing in Watkins.

Vindictiveness of Judge Kane.—Our Philadelphia correspondent, "M.," alludes to an application made to Judge Kane for clemency toward Passmore Williamson—an application which, it seems, was wholly unauthorized by Mr. Williamson, and made without his knowledge by his family physician. *The Pennsylvanian* gives the following account of the matter, which we copy, referring the reader, at the same time, to the statement of our correspondent in another column, which may be relied upon as strictly correct.

U. S. District Court—Judge Kane.—*The Case of Passmore Williamson*—Application was made by letter to the Court, by Mr. Williamson's physician, Dr. Wilson, of [illegible] street, that he should be sentenced to the Debtor's Apartment.

Judge Kane remarked that he had understood that at the time of the marshal's taking Williamson to prison, that officer had offered to extend to him any courtesy consistent with his duty as an administrative officer—but the prisoner had waived all privileges, and declined to avail himself of the courtesy extended.

He had no doubt that the marshal was as ready now as he had been to allow him any comforts that his condition might require—but it would be upon the condition that Mr. Williamson himself must make the application.

Littell's Living Age, No. 588, brings us the conclusion of "Sister Anne," and a great variety of articles, selected with the usual discrimination from the current English magazines and periodicals. Among the notices of new publications we observe a very severe critique of Margaret Fuller's "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," from the [London] *Press*, and another, more gentle in its tone, from *The Spectator*. *The Press*, evidently alarmed at the progress of the Woman's Rights movement, exclaims as follows:

"If we do not wish to see our households gradually penetrated with a taste for public life, and our wives and maid-servants invading the platform, or haranguing their oppressed sisters from the inverted washing-tub; if we would not have them come to regard marriage as a yoke imposed by their tyrants, and rob even vice itself of the little grace that is left to it; if this ugly-looking millennium be a consummation we care to avert, sure we are that some serious castigation must at once be administered to its apostles."

The critic who approaches the subject in such a spirit only illustrates his own want of common sense, and exposes himself to the ridicule or contempt of all sensible minds. We don't think the "apostles" of the new movement will find any occasion to shrink from the lash of such an assailant.

Meetings in Pennsylvania.—It is contemplated, we understand, to hold a general Anti-Slavery Meeting at West Chester, at an early day, similar to the one which is to convene to-day at Norristown; and it is purposed also to hold another, after that, in Bucks County. That is right; now is the time for meetings, and in no State of the Union are they more called for than in Pennsylvania. The suggestion made by our Philadelphia correspondent in his letter of last week, should not be lost sight of; that is, that meetings should be called all over the State, and that Pennsylvania should speak out against the outrage offered, in the name of Slavery, to one of her citizens in a way that should be heard.

NO. CLXIII.

SUBJECT.—Parties under control—Question in dispute—External assistance—Parties under control—Question in dispute—External assistance—Anti-Slavery Meeting—Its hereditary tendency—Its principles—Its opposition to the Mexican War—Its influence and its fruits—Of the Massachusetts Legislature—Its servility—Its tendency to consolidation—Of the Massachusetts Senate—Its dignity—Its wisdom—Its resigned to change—And why—The Governor—Its wisdom—Its resignation—And why—The Governor—And his wife—The Chief Fool of Man—The Gambler's Fate—Its effect—Its effect upon the Governor—And upon his wife—Its effect upon the Governor—And upon his wife—Its effect upon the Governor—And upon his wife

Miscellaneous Department.

CHAP-BOOK LITERATURE.

It has been said that the ballads of a people possess a greater influence than their laws. If this assertion be strictly correct, how much more potential must be the impulse, towards good or evil, derived from their books! Many must recollect the old chap-books, as they were technically termed, of their younger days: books—if it be not a misnomer to designate such vile and worthless trash by so worthy an appellation—that were hawked about the country by chapman or pedler, and sold in farmhouse and cottage to a class who, at that period, were unfortunately unable to obtain a healthier description of mental sustenance. These books, however, have now almost wholly disappeared in the country, from a cause we shall notice ere we conclude: but in France, the multitude and mischievous nature of such publications were sufficient to attract the attention of government; and, apart from any political considerations, and merely as a protection for the minds of the young and uneducated, it was determined to establish a censorship over the *littérature du colportage*—the chap-books of the French. In the latter part of 1852, a number of commissioners, men well known for their knowledge of books and literature, were appointed by M. Maupas, minister of police, to examine and report on these publications. They had full powers to call in every work circulated by colportage; and in order to insure the strictest censorship, a law was enacted prohibiting colporteurs or pedlers from carrying any book not bearing a government stamp, and no book was permitted to be stamped unless approved by the commissioners. These officials had no sooner commenced their sittings, than they were overwhelmed by a deluge of no less than 7,500 books from all parts of France. To their astonishment, they found amongst them books that had been continually reprinted, without alteration, since the sixteenth century. Books of sorcery, magic, charms, invocation of spirits, and other similar absurdities, long supposed to have been out of print, that were treasured as curiosities in public libraries and in the cabinets of book-collectors, were actually discovered to be still published and sold in the remoter districts of France. Even Macabre's *Dance of Death*, with the horribly hideous old wood-cuts, which the collectors of rare books were glad to give pounds for, was found to be still sold to the peasants of the Landes for a few sous.

The publishers being anxious that the almanacs should be examined first, so that they might be ready for the annual demand, the commissioners commenced their duties with this class of books, of which an immense number are annually circulated in France.

The most popular of all the French almanacs, produced in an almost innumerable varity of forms and in immense quantities, is the *Almanach Liegeois*. Why term it the Almanac of Liege? Surely the Almanac of Paris would be a better title. Not at all. All these almanacs, no matter how different they may be from each other, are composed—so their title pages inform us—by Matthieu Laensbergh, a learned astrologer, and canon of the ecclesiastical establishment named St. Bartholomew, in the ancient city of Liege. Indeed, Laensbergh himself can claim a venerable antiquity, being the veritable Old Parr of almanac-makers. His first was published in 1636, some sixty years previous to the appearance of our own less celebrated, but still pretty notorious, Francis Moore, physician. Antiquaries, however, although they are obliged to concede a name to this Francis Moore, are very doubtful whether he ever had a local habitation, or was merely a mystical personage imagined by the worshipful company of stationers; and we are bound in candour to confess, that the actual existence in the flesh of Matthieu Laensbergh is equally problematical. For though there is a romantic story of his niece's marriage to Gerard Dow, the celebrated painter, apparently in defiance, yet really in fulfilment of her destiny, as predicted by the canonical astrologer—though Dow's famous picture of an astrologer, now in the Louvre, is said to be his veritable portrait—though in the families of the Straels, and their successors the Boquignons, who, for nearly two centuries, have been typographers at Liege, there are some traditionary stories anent this Matthieu Laensbergh—still a reference to the archives of St. Bartholmew proves that there never was a canon of that name.

The *Almanach Liegeois* is a most convenient one for persons who are unable to read, for, by certain symbols attached to certain dates, the most unlettered persons can follow its instructions: thus the rude representation of a phial announces the proper phase of the moon under which a draught of medicine should be taken—a pill-box designates the planet most propitious for pills—a pair of scissors points out the proper period for cutting hair—a lancet for letting blood. The untutored Indian of North America takes nature as his guide, and sows his maize when the young oak-leaf has acquired the size of a squirrel's foot; but the French peasant, less wise in his generation, refers to Laensbergh for the lucky seed-time, and finds it indicated by the representation of a sieve. Yet, though it be now the almanac of the lower classes, it was not so at one time. In 1774, it predicted that in the April of that year a royal favourite would play her last part. Madame Dubarry, fearing the prediction applied to herself, repeatedly exclaimed: "I wish this vallainous month of April was over." The month passed, but Louis XV. died in the ensuing May: the lady's last part was actually played; and the credit of Matthieu Laensbergh was more firmly established than before.

From prophetical almanacs, it is but a step to the more strictly legitimate prophets; and the most remarkable of this class, one whose writings are still read with awe and wonder, whose prophecies have been translated into every European language, and have had almost as many commentators as the dramas of Shakspeare, was the famous Michel Nostredame, better known by his Latinised appellation of Nostradamus. Unlike our English prophets Nixon, Mother Shipton, and others—all of a humble rank in life—Nostradamus was born of a good family, and a descendant, by his mother's side, of a line of celebrated Jewish physicians. Selecting the medical profession, he soon rose to eminence, being particularly skilful in his treatment of the plague, at that period the scourge of Europe. But, distressed by the loss of his wife and child, and persecuted by the envious malice of less successful physicians, he retired from practice, and composed seven centuries of prophecies, which were first published in 1555. He at once became famous. Catharine de Medicis, naturally superstitious, invited the prophet to court, where he was received, and treated with the highest honours. He subsequently retired to Salon, published three more centuries of prophecies, and after being visited by several princes and crowned heads, died in 1566. His prophecies are written in quatrains, of which there are ten centuries, making in all 4,000 lines. They are an incoherent mass of obscure and mystical extravagances, such as might have been written by a well-informed man of disordered intellect. Yet so many and varied are the vicissitudes of men and nations, it would be strange if some one or other of those 4,000 lines did not bear a seeming application or allusion to some subsequent event, and thus receive the credit of being a veritable prophecy. Accordingly, the followers of Nostradamus aver that he predicted of the misfortunes and manner of death of Mary Queen of Scots, whom he had seen in her youthful splendour as queen of France—the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the battle of Lepanto—the Gunpowder Plot—and many other memorable events.

Few prophets gain name and fame in their own time and country; but Nostradamus was an exception to the general rule. The unexpected death of Henry II. of France, who was accidentally killed by a splinter of a broken lance entering his eye, and penetrating to the brain, when engaged in a tilting-match with Count Montgomery, spread the fame of the prophet over all Europe; for in his prophecies, published four years previous to the melancholy occurrence, was a quatrain, which we translate as follows:

> The young lion shall overcome the old one.
> In martial field by a single duel.
> In a golden cage he shall put out his eye.
> Two wounds from one he shall die a cruel death.

We need not enter into the elaborate explanations given of this quatrain by the commentators, further than to say, that the golden cage is supposed to refer to the helmet of the unfortunate monarch. We would rather place before the reader the most famous of the prophetic quatrains relating to England. The forty-ninth of the ninth century is really a remarkable one; and its number, by believers in the prophetical power of Nostradamus, is supposed to refer to the year 1649, in which the predicted event took place. The reader will remember that the book before us, from which we translate it, was, most undoubtedly, published in 1588:

> Ghent and Brussels shall march against Antwerp.
> The senate of London shall put to death their king.
> The salt and wine shall not be able to succour him,
> That they may have the kingdom into ruin.

Another quatrain is said to predict the great fire of London in 1666:

> The blood of the just shall be wanting in London.
> Burned by fire of three twenty and six.
> The ancient dame shall fall from her high place.
> Of the same sect many shall be destroyed.

The Restoration, and the defenceless state of London when the Dutch fleet was master of the Thames, is supposed to be thus predicted in another quatrain:

> The endeavour of the North shall be great.
> Upon the ocean the gate shall be open.
> The kingdom in the island shall be re-established.
> London shall quake for fear of sails discovered.

Although the predictions of Nostradamus purported to extend from his own time to the coming of Antichrist, they were not copious enough for the cupidity of the publishers and the gullibility of the people. Accordingly, the *posthumous* prophecies of the deceased seer have also been put into extensive circulation. But how were they obtained? Very easily. The tomb of Nostradamus was opened, and the venerable prophet discovered, seated in a brazen chair, and writing with an iron pen on tablets of ivory. But two ghastly men-at-arms, in complete suits of mail, guarded the portals of this mystic vault. No one dared to pass these terrible figures. At last, two convicts, who had been condemned to death, stimulated by the promise of a free pardon, ventured to enter the tomb and seize the tablets. They succeeded in the attempt, and thus the posthumous predictions of the great man can be sold for the small sum of three sous. To this circumstantial detail, there is added a full length portrait in wood of one of the men-at-arms; and we can only say, that if the original was half as hideous, the convicts must have been brave men indeed!

Accounts of indecent, mischievous, and roguish jokes' tricks, and adventures have ever been great favourites with the lower classes, and consequently in good demand as chap-books. The first English specimen purports to be the adventures of Scogan alluded to by Shakspeare, whose head, as Justice Shallow tells us, was broken by Falstaff "at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high." He well deserved to have his head broken many a time and oft; for his adventures were low, filthy, practical jokes, that now-a-days would be rewarded by a number of spells at the crank, and a few months' residence in a house of correction. Dr. Andrew Borde, from whom we derive the term Merry-andrew, published this work in the reign of Henry VIII.; but there are great doubts whether Scogan ever perpetrated such tricks. From what little persevering bookworms can ferret out respecting him, he appears to have been a gentleman, a courtier, and a poet, utterly incapable of such practices. In the same manner, a once common Scottish chap-book, a tissue of similar indecencies, is asserted to be the adventures of Buchanan, the illustrious scholar, poet and historian. In all probability, the low sharpers who first issued such books, ascribed the deeds detailed in them to men of eminence, thereby to insure popularity and sale; for we find the very same expedient had recourse to in France, where a book of an exactly similar class is entitled the *Adventures of the Duke de Roquelaire*, who lived in the seventeenth century, and displayed great abilities both as a statesman and a general. The adventures ascribed to Roquelaire are fully as disgusting as those attributed to Scogan and Buchanan; but the French work is seasoned with some approaches to wit, a quality of which both the English and Scotch works are entirely deficient.

A presentable extract from Roquelaire may amuse. It seems that when travelling he used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyon in this guise, he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The bishop, seeing a strange traveller of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebian to deal with, and wished to gratify his ruling passion, cried out, "hi! hi!" Roquelaire immediately desired his postilion to stop, and the curious prelate advancing to the carriage, demanded:

"Where have you come from?"

"Paris," was the curt reply.

"What is there fresh in Paris?"

"Green pease."

"But what were the people saying when you came away?"

"Vespers."

"Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant and uneducated persons call me Hi! hi! but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postilion." The duke passed on, leaving the astounded bishop staring after the carriage.

Germany or Holland—for there have been learned controversies on the subject—furnishes a work of a similar description, entitled the *Adventures of Eulespiegel*, considered to have been the precursor of the Rabelais school. This work has been translated into most of the European languages; but as the point of its jokes is chiefly directed against the Reformation and the Protestant faith it never became popular in England. In France, however, it has passed through almost innumerable editions, and has actually given two new words to the language—*espiègle* (waggish), and *espièglerie*, being derived literally from Eulespiegel.

Human nature being nearly the same in all countries, it follows that there must be a similarity in their literature. Thus we find in the French chap-books, as in our own, the lives of pirates and robbers: the English Jack Sheppard is rivalled in deeds of crime by the continental Cartouche. Again, as in our chap-book, the canny Scot, the blundering Irishman and the simple Cockney were severally held up to ridicule, so in France, the Norman, Gascon and Breton share a similar fate. There is one class of works, however, very common in France, that are utterly unknown in this country: these are stories of the camp and barrack-room, written in the peculiar military slang of the French soldier. Some are recitals of battles and sieges, as supposed to have been related by an old soldier; and these are often spoken at fairs and other public places by a man dressed in an old uniform. We would have given a sample of this curious kind of composition, but a translation of the best we have ever met with has already been published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.*

Some few of the French chap-books were found by the commissioners to be of a much superior class to those we have alluded to. St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Madame Cotton's *Elizabeth*, and the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage are as popular in their native country as they are here. Of translations from English works, *Robinson Crusoe* holds the first rank in popular favour; next to the world-renowned mariner of York, is a traveller of another description—no other than our old friend *Lemuel Gulliver*; while *Thaddeus of Warsaw* holds the third place. Among the less popular translations, we find the Irish stories of Banim that refer to political events; another Irish political novel, *The Hearts of Steele*; one or two of Galt's works; and some of Mrs. Opie's tales. There are a few other works, said to be translated from the English; but as we never heard of their titles, or even their authors' names, we forbear to mention them. But the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the *Old English Baron*, are unfortunately unknown in the literature of colportage.

We have said that as many as 7,500 works were sent in to the commissioners. The retail price of these books varied from one sou to a franc, and their annual sale amounted to 9,000,000 francs. Yet such was their quality, that more than three-fourths of this large number were condemned, being considered utterly unfit for circulation. The publishers then sent in nearly a sufficient quantity to replace the rejected works, but the greater part of these were also condemned. At first, the authorities trusted to the demand for creating a supply fit for circulation, but this did not take place. The people were very properly deprived of impure and worthless publications, but there was not sufficient healthy reading to administer in their place. The question then arose, whether the Government itself should supply the vacuum thus created by the censorship, or, by means of rewards and prizes, stimulate persons of talent and learning to prepare amusing and instructive books for the people. But it was considered dangerous and improper for the government to enter into direct competition with the publishers. Unfortunately, we have no means of knowing whether or how the question has been settled. All we have been able to learn is, that M. Billault, the minister of the interior, acceded to the general suggestion conveyed in the report of the commissioners—namely, that the best means of supplying the people with a sound and sufficient literature, is to create it with the express sanction and assistance of the government.

Last year, a series of lectures were delivered at the Educational Exhibition, got up by the Society of Arts and held in St. Martin's Hall. Cardinal Wiseman was one of the lecturers, and delivered an eloquent and interesting address on the Home Education of the Poor. In his lecture, he alluded to the censorship imposed on the French chap-books, and some of the newspapers inferred that he advocated the adoption of a similar system in this country. Now, without entering into the question whether the cardinal advocated such a scheme or not, we may say that, happily, it is not required here. The race of chap-books has become extinct; and even in their palmiest days, there were none resembling those we read of in the report of the French commissioners—works so disgustingly vile, that we cannot further allude to them, but yet openly published in large quantities by wealthy publishers, men of reputation and standing in society, and publicly hawked from house to house. The Newgate-Calendar school of periodicals, which the cardinal so strongly declaimed against, are the great nurseries from whence readers are drafted to the higher class of publications; nor do we state this undoubted fact theoretically, but from personal observation during the last ten years. We have all enjoyed a similar sort of rubbish in the first phase of our reading-life, just as we have sucked hard-bake, and luxuriously feasted on unripe gooseberries. Besides, the worst of the present periodicals is infinitely superior to the best of the old chap-books.

The extinction of the old chap-books was as sudden as their reign had been long and prosperous. They were in full circulation in the west of Scotland some three-and-twenty years ago, when we sailed for India; on our return, after a three years' absence, they had totally disappeared. As a contributor to this Journal, it is not our part to say what destroyed them so effectually and so suddenly—we leave the tale to be told by other witnesses. Some months past, an elderly friend, living in a remote part of the country, wrote to request us to try and find for him a certain quotation from a travesty on the "Speech of Ajax to the Grecian Chiefs," written in the Buchan dialect. Our search was vain; till at last, thinking it might be in a collection of Scottish chap-books, preserved as curiosities in the British Museum, we referred to it, and found the required quotation. We also found written on the inside-cover of the volume, the following words: "This collection was made by me, James Mitchell, at Aberdeen, in 1828." It may be considered as the library of the Scottish peasantry, the works being sold by itenerant chapmen about the country, especially at fairs. No such collection could now be made; and *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and similar publications, have superseded the writings of our forefathers.

Here, then, is a solution to the difficult problem that has caused no little anxiety to the statesmen and philanthropists on the other side of the Channel. As good and cheap periodicals have, in the very nature of things, exterminated the worthless and mischievous chap-books of this country, what is to prevent similar publications from filling the place of those withdrawn from circulation in France? In gratitude to M. Nisard, secretary to the commissioners, for his amusing account* of the literature of colportage, we humbly beg leave to draw his attention to this mode of remedying a great evil.—*Chambers's Jour.*

* *Life of Napoleon in a Quarter of an Hour.* Vol. xii. p. 414.

* *Histoire des Livres Populaires, ou de la Littérature du Colportage.*

BRIDES FOR SALE.

We have heard it said that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt—a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakshaine has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, "for the first time since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom," and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly declared by that "very magnificent Bashaw"—this is the true pronunciation—Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave markets were complained of as a nuisance, not as a system. They were obliged to disappear. Accordingly travellers, fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be—that boys and girls and grown persons were actually to be seen for sale—at least, such was the reason given for the eagerness with which the sight was sought—were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose—ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places; a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Europeans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable ease. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres smoothed all difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. While passenger-philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali—supposed to have repented of his slave-hunts—here was evidence that not the slightest change was contemplated. Serving men and serving maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, constantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the jellabs make their slaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilized to be compelled to reassume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stupidity.

We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but the names—there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new jovial pasha—that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival influences—we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt, you may; but not slavery in Egypt, for many a long day. The whole of society is constructed on the supposition that in every family above the position of a common labourer there shall be, at least, one bought assistant. Take away the slave-girl, and who shall grind the corn, or pound the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash the floor, or carry masters' dinner to the shop in the bazaar? Who shall light the pipes of the great, or bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more mamlooks or eunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future: but changes must come by slow degrees.

What, too, would the rich Turk or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from amongst his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on this subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-coloured ladies are introduced into a harim, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eager to obtain an establishment. We remember once—during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria—being told that there was a Georgian girl to be disposed of in the Broker Bazaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abu Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating, from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazelle were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand piastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three scowled tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and, having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harim of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabic and Abu Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said—interested flatterer—that she had always desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accordance with the usual coquetry of Eastern women, she allowed us to take a rapid glance at her face, we discovered that care or sickness had made surprising inroads on her youth. We shall never forget that anxious and pallid countenance, lighted up for a moment by a fascinating smile—we fear not genuine, for it was expiring before the veil rapidly returned to its place. Her master—a surly Turk—coming up to take her home, put an end to the interview. Next day we heard some bidding for her; but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beckoned to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: "Nazarene! Cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?" That is to say, a Mohammedan, to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we were told, attributed her meagreness either to ill humour or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of a hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand piastres), for encouraging it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over our shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was waddling that way. A short time afterwards, she was parted with for about seventy pounds, ornaments and all.

While slaves are kept at Cairo, in Wakalfabs, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave-dealers. They are brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harim of the place, for there are always "a few fine young ladies" for sale, forming part of the fortune of some deceased Turk. In the best houses, each has a separate apartment, and a separate duenna, or attendant—facts, which we might have learned from report, but which we happen to know from positive experience. We were some years at Cairo, in the hey-day of youth and spirits, and chancing to hear of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind obstinacy which in such case can alone insure success.

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with ourselves, and dashed into the narrow, tortuous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly informing our guide that we never meant to return without having seen a dépôt of white slaves. The fellow's single eye glistened with wonder, but he put his hand to his head, and exclaimed: "Trader—ready!" and trotted before us, stopping to whisper to all his numerous friends and acquaintances as he passed, informing them, as we afterwards learned, that he had four mad Franks in charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tremendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the Bab-el-Zotona, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurriedly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: "Well, sir!" He apologised, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the yellabs, trotted away to the other side of the Bab-en-Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of Bronze-colour, and a few Galla girls, black as coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party began to talk of the propriety of cudgelling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many solemn asseverations to take us to the sheikh of the slave-dealers; and so we rode about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were then admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beginning by expatiating on the impropriety of our wishes, and ending—when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason—by referring us to a man in the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with everybody to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves. We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—a continuation of the Goreeyeh, if we remember rightly—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed—he must have been named Mohammed—the slip, and resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Everybody is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The kawajee was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted. That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet, without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-cages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate. The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking, and drinking coffee to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawajee, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great, brawny, fellat woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested, which had somewhat of the character of a burglary, might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity, appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellat woman entered. We made a rush across the street—a hop, step, and a jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old, ugly women of nondescript appearance. How they screamed and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked us what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls of piastres and parahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, where was the harm? The merchant and his men were away—the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assistants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woollen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all around her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her avarice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed, if we would only make haste, to exhibit her caged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found ourselves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome, by-the-bye—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been already in some Cairo harim, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well-accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation that had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition—for in that light we regarded the place—a magnificent young woman, with dark dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth low forehead, rich lips, and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the Oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ancles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoulders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know what we could want, and why she was made a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gaiety, and we remained gazing at her in silence—a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labour and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fierce-looking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused—so many people spoke at once—that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground—all to denote that we had unjustifiably violated his domicile—and so we had. Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good humouredly as possible, we managed to scramble down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd. Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.—*Household Words.*

Tennyson's Famous Battle Ode.—The famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," which Tennyson wrote last year, and which elicited so much comment, appears in his new volume of poems. It has been considerably altered, and the Poet Laureate now suppresses the second verse, and the line in the third verse which affirmed that

> Some one had blundered.

The second verse, in the first publication, which is now omitted, was as follows:

> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred,
> For up came an order which
> Some one had blunder'd.
> "Forward, the Light Brigade!
> Take the guns," Nolan said:
> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred.

There are changes in most of the verses. The alteration in the last one is not an improvement according to our taste. We give both versions. Last year the ode ended thus:

> When can their glory fade?
> O, the wild charge they made!
> All the world wondered.
> Honour the charge they made!
> Honour the Light Brigade!
> Noble six hundred!

As published in "Maud," it reads:

> Honour the brave and bold!
> Long shall the tale be told,
> Yea, when our babes are old—
> How they rode onward.

—*Boston Transcript, August 22.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

M. A. Dumas has been appointed by the French Government to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the South of France.

——A girl has been born in France with two heads—the one being placed on the spot where heads usually are placed, and the other at the precise spot where monkeys and other creatures wear their tails. This latter has been amputated, and the child is still alive.

——A letter from Constantinople says, that the Sultan has ordered magnificent necklaces in brilliants to be made as presents for Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie, and saddles, also embroidered in brilliants, to be made for the Emperor, the King of Sardinia and Prince Albert.

——Mad'lle. Rosa Bonheur's picture of "The Horse Fair," which she sold for £1,000, has been resold to an Englishman—but not a resident in England—for a trifle under £2,000. Mad'lle. Bonheur has painted a reduced copy for the engraver, which is now in Mr. Thomas Landseer's hands. The second picture has been purchased by Mr. Jacob Bell.

——M. Victor Schœlcher, at present a political exile in this country, is engaged upon a "Biography of Handel," for which purpose he has received permission to examine the Handelian MSS. in the Musical Library of Buckingham Palace. Here he has discovered an oratorio by Handel, entitled "The Passion," hitherto unknown, as well as an opera called "Silla."

——Jaques Balmat, the celebrated guide of Chamouni, who was lost in the ascent of Mount Blanc about twenty years ago, while acting as guide to some travellers, was found a few days ago, in a state of the most perfect preservation. The body was immediately conveyed to Chamouni, where it received every mark of honour and respect. Jaques Balmat acquired some celebrity by being one of the guides to M. Saussure, the naturalist, in the year 1786.

——Novel Sentence.—A sentence recently passed in Switzerland, upon a man found guilty of sacrilege, shows considerable ingenuity in the art of punishing. The criminal is to be exposed for a quarter of an hour in the iron collar used at executions, and under the surveillance of the executioner; to receive publicly 60 strokes of the rod from the hand of the same dread officer; five years of hard labour; to remain ten years within the boundary of his native commune; never to be able to marry; and to lose all civil and political rights; to pass through certain religious exercises; and, finally, to confess his crime in the church, a rod in his hand and a cord round his neck.

——At Middlesborough-on-Tees there exists a singular freak of nature, "a boy with a real tail." He is about four months old and in good health. He has a perfect caudal appendage four or five inches in length. It springs from the vertebræ of the *os sacrum*, not the *os coccygis*, as does the tail of an animal, which is the continuation of the spinal structure. It has caused much interest among the faculty, who have had a consultation whether it would be proper to take it off; but as upon examination it is found to possess the properties of a limb, having bone, muscle, feeling, &c., and can be moved at the will of the child, it is feared the operation might endanger the child's life by affecting the spinal cord. It may prove of great inconvenience to the possessor in after life.

——How to Banish the Cholera.—A curious circumstance is stated to have occurred in the Mendicant's Asylum of the Monte Domini at Florence: The cholera recently attacked some of the residents, and it increased rapidly, to the great terror of everybody in the place. All at once, the director, in order to raise the courage of the persons under his charge, announced that the malady had ceased, and that it was his intention to give a grand fête to celebrate its departure. He, in consequence, gave a theatrical performance, and a dance, and made all the mendicants partake of an excellent supper. All this created such a favourable impression on the men's minds, that the next day not a single new case of cholera occurred, adding another proof to the many already in existence of the powerful effect of the state of mind in times of cholera invasion.

——Eccentricities of Authors and Composers.—Paesiello could only compose in bed, and Cimarosa's muse never inspired him unless in the midst of a dense and mirthful crowd. The historian Mézeral had contracted the habit of writing by candlelight, and could not dispense with it even in the clearest day and hottest month of the year. Descartes thought and wrote stretched at full length on his back; while the great jurist Cujas wrote all his works lying prostrate on his stomach. Guido Reni found it impossible to handle his brush unless attired in magnificent apparel; and Haydn himself declared he found composition difficult, unless he wore on his finger the ring given him by Frederick II. Mathurin, the poet, always stuck a wafer on his forehead, between his eyebrows while writing; Napoleon used to mutilate the sides of his arm-chair with his penknife; and the readers of Glover's ballad of "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," would never divine that it was composed while the unconscious author destroyed with his cane a magnificent bed of tulips, to the horror of its fair owner, Lady Temple.

——The Circassian Female Slave.—Unless, therefore, the Circassian has seen a youth upon whom to lavish her young affections she usually desires to be sent to Stamboul. If her father be willing, she is sold to a slave-merchant, who takes her to the land she has chosen. There, she is sent to a ladies school; where she is carefully instructed, in the accomplishments of the Turkish gentlewoman. And, if she be very beautiful, she will be taught reading, writing, Turkish, Arabic and Persian literature—these will be an additional recommendation, in the eyes of a wealthy Osmanli. After two or four years—according to her age—spent in this seminary, the young girl is fit for sale. Her "condition" now receives the most unremitting attention for a few months. The doctor, in attendance at the establishment, visits her constantly. She is fed very carefully; she is daily bathed very discreetly, cosmetics of the most excellent kind are pressed into use. All these things are done, that her limbs and face may appear beautifully rounded; and that her skin may be pure, pale, clear—in a word, that she may look her very loveliest. The Circassian girls always bring a larger price than the Georgian. Their beauty is of a higher type. They are more intellectual. They can manage a household better—indeed, the Circassian ladies may be classed among the most skillful and most saving housewives in the world. An old Osmanli, who had well tried the women of both nations, told me that he loved a Circassian better than a Georgian, as he did the sun better than the moon. For "Circassian could make her harem smell like the garden of Feristan, upon a purse of money that would not suffice a Georgian to sand its floors like the Desert."—*Trenery's City of the Crescent.*

——The Great Exhibition.—*Anch'io*, I too, have passed the tourniquet, I too have been to see the marvels of Art and Industry; and I have seen them for four sous!

Others talk to you of the rich stuffs, miraculous jewels, ravishing embroideries, porcelains, crystals, bronzes and gigantic machines. Let them. It is their duty as historiographers. They are paid to be serious and grave. Let them exalt, compare, analyze, dissect; let them praise or blame the works of the thousand industrials; but let me talk, if you please, of the strange, eccentric, fantastic; of that interesting category of astounding objects, for which our great journals, in their proud disdain, care not a straw.

You have heard of the famous bird-cage of Taban, which was at the same time a cage, a fountain, and a parterre; and they have told you of the lock which presents 3,674,385 combinations; Huret passed a hundred and twenty nights in locking it, and Fichet was four months in unlocking it; now they can neither shut nor open it. But those curiosities are nothing to what I discovered. I have seen prodigious articles of furniture, and utensils whose eccentricity has given me a vertigo; tables which would change into bathing-tubs, screens, arm-chairs, and wardrobes; mirrors which could be transformed into wine-cellars, night-dresses and guitars.

I do not speak of the toy-makers of Nuremberg and the Tyrol. They have reached the culminating point of the fabulous; the apogee of the impossible. One of them has enclosed in a cherry-stone a plan of Sevastopol, a railway station, and the "Messiah" of Klopstock.

A manufacturer of Liverpool, has exhibited a pair of razors, which serve at once as umbrella, hair-brush, wash-stand, barometer and coffee-mill.

But nothing equals the charming things which I discovered in the American section. A New York mechanic has sent a musical clock, which indicates the time, strikes the hours, turns the spit, shakes up the bed, churns the milk and rocks the cradle.

A workman of Philadelphia exhibits an extremely curious article; seen in front it is a hand-organ; from the side it is a sauce-pan; from above, it is a bed-chamber; from beneath it is an inkstand.

French industry has not remained inactive, but it attains eccentricity in a more modest degree. France knows the height of the sublime, and attempts to reach it; but, fearing ridicule, its chronic malady, it stops half way.

I would notice, however, a pen-knife exhibited by a cutter of Châtellerault. This little instrument has six hundred blades, and four hundred handles. You might carry it about with you—in a knapsack.

Let us not forget our brave city of Rouen, which has sent a stick of candy six miles long. From want of space, they were obliged to cut it into furlongs. Its fragments ornament the machine gallery; the commissioner mistook them for gas-pipes.—*From the French in Musical World.*

——Brother Jonathanoffski.—Our war with Russian despotism is not popular in America. The patent freemen (and slaveholders) take it mighty impertinent that anybody should presume to stand up for liberty except themselves. They look upon our assailing the northern tyrant as darn'd piracy of their ideas, and everybody knows how particular the Yankees are about piracy, whether carried on by ships or by booksellers. They regard us as interlopers in the sacred cause of outraged humanity, and calculate that if the Russians give us a tarnation whipping, it will be no more than our all-fired impudence deserves. They have a perfect right to think thus. Provincials are usually narrow-minded and prejudiced, and the Union is but a gathering of provincials. We are not entitled to complain; and as they have chosen to decide that no enlistment of American citizens for our Foreign Legion shall take place, our business is to abstain from direct or indirect violation of their laws. To do America justice, her advantages of position, and the practical character of her people, have made it so easy for an industrious man to live upon her soil, that the fellows we should enlist by under-hand dealing would be a specially bad bargain. Both in honour and a matter of interest, we ought to let them alone, and we are sorry to say that the clandestine recruiting has evidently been going on. We are not sorry that some rascally Irish exiles, refugees, or escaped from transportation, we are not sure which, have become the means of betraying the affair, for you can hardly use too dirty tools for a dirty job. Most seriously we hope that no further attempts of this kind will be made.

It is not surprising that American sympathy is rather with the Russians than with us. The public sentiment of Russia is far more akin to that of America than to that of France or England. The long-winded public declamations of America, in which bombast and fulsome slavery to "the people" are mingled into an intolerable union, much resemble the adulatory cant of the addresses from St. Petersburg to the people of Russia. Substitute the words "free and enlightened" for "patriotic and religious," and the Russian documents would do for America. Society in both is that effort and hollowness throughout, and in both countries, that struggle for effect at the price of truth, is quiet and true, and good, that vulgar emulation which leads men to out-glitter one another at any cost, which is common to St. Petersburg and to the States. In America there are the slaves, "One touch of cartwhip makes the nations kin." The sycophants of Czar Alexander and the sycophants of King Mob have this bond of union. The serf and nigger are the guarantees for the unity of the Cossack and the Yankee.

Well, we must do our best, and see whether we cannot beat the tyrant without the aid of the professed friends of freedom. We hope to be able to manage it, especially as, unlike the Government of the States, our Cabinet does not divide its attention between foreign affairs and the filibustering its own subjects from getting up piratical wars. If we succeed, we have no doubt of receiving congratulations from a people whose faith is the worship of success; if we fail, why, we must allow the Yankees to laugh at us, and we promise to bear their derision with better temper than they display when an inhabitant of the old country ventures to laugh at any of their doings. We have actually written ourselves into good humour. It is indeed difficult to speak long of anything American without a smile—unless it be the documents in the public men speak long; there is no laughing at Presidential Bunkum.—(*London*) *Chronicle.*

Philadelphia Advertisements.

THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.—Just received, for sale at Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia—PARKER'S ADDITIONAL SPEECHES. 2 vols. PARKER'S DISCOURSE OF RELIGION. 1 vol. Also, Portraits, large and elegant, of Parker, Phillips, Brown, William Lloyd Garrison.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep a supply of new and second hand Carriages for sale or exchange, and Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Proprietor.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of 3d and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully call attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the N. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, where will be found a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Three-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, have removed to No. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (Rear of Post Office), Philadelphia. Plain and fancy Jobbing, such as Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. &c. &c. Pamphlet work, neatly and promptly executed. Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices. Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for superiority over all others in the manufacture of Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches, Harness, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks, descriptions of Carpet Bags, Valices, and workmanship, Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices. THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer, 130 Market street, N. W. cor. 4th, Phila.

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 83 Sixth street, Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best quality. Confectionery made of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at short notice. Sent to any part of the city.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner of Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a full assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH S. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

PHRENOLOGY.—Removal.—William B. Elder's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (second story) 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. Be sure to call. Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open morning to evening—visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the character analyzed. Price $3.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, No. 32 South Second street, Philadelphia, are receiving and opening daily from Europe, the new fabrics, Silks, Foulards, Grenadines, Tissues, Barèges, Poplins, Delaines, Berages, Alpacas, Mousselines, Prints, &c. Silk, Crape, Cashmere, Broche, Blankets, Flannels, Shirtings, and Shirting Goods, Irish Linens, Linen Drills, plain and fancy. Spring and Summer Goods for men and boys, Vestings, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerettes.

DAGUERREOTYPES, Stereoscopes and Portraits. Heads, taken in the highest perfection. Ministers, teachers to be satisfactory to all wishing true representations of themselves and friends. Special attention paid to children. Copies taken with accuracy. We invite all to call and examine specimens at our rooms, No. 340, S. E. corner of Tenth and Market streets.
HENRY CUTLER,
PHEBE D. PHELPS.

NEW BOOK STORE for New Books, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia. THOMAS CURTIS invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of Books, Stationery, &c., which has been selected with great care and attention to the wants of the age. Every work affecting the interests of society and of humanity, in every department, will be obtained as soon as published. A good stock of Liberal Books, wholesale and retail. Any rare book procured from Europe. Engravings, Porte-monnaies, Card Cases, Pens and Pencils, &c. Persons residing in the country will have their orders promptly executed.

FAMILY COAL YARD, Broad street, second yard above Spruce street, Philadelphia. Coal from the best mines expressly for family use, free from dust and slate, kept dry under cover, for the use of the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill, Red and White Ash. and of all sizes, kept constantly on hand. We would be obliged to our anti-slavery friends if they would give us a call. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, sent through the dispatch, will be promptly attended to. ELLISON NEWPORT.

ALARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, always on hand, at No. 26 South Third street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuation of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, and a large assortment always on hand. N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks.

TO COUNTRY STOREKEEPERS.—The subscriber has on hand, of his own manufacture, a large assortment of Misses' and Children's Leather, Kid and Morocco BOOTS and GAITERS, of the best workmanship and materials, which he will sell at as low wholesale prices as any person in the City, and respectfully invites those who want to make up assortments without having the smaller or more unsaleable sizes. WM. C. ...
No. 91 North Sixth street, below Race.
N. B. Gaiter Uppers, ready for the last, sold to shoe-makers at low prices. Also, Gum Shoes.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this store the consumer may procure the finest qualities of Flour for family use at reasonable prices, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of superior brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and Wheat Meal, fresh from the mills, delivered by our own wagons anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board of the transportation lines leaving the city. CALEB ...
N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, Eastern and Western.

MORRISON & GLENN respectfully announce to the public that their Spring Style HATS are now ready. Their manner of doing business is for cash, and at the lowest fixed price first asked. The time saved and losses avoided by this system, as well as their being operatives, enables them to sell at lower prices than others in the trade. Neither expense nor labour will be spared. They will sell the best French Moleskin Hat for $3.50, and the same qualities proportionately low. Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps always on hand, suitable to the season. Friends' Hats made to order. No. 41 N. Sixth st., below Arch, Philadelphia.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 52 N. Fourth street, (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail dealers in Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than any others. English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Quills, Seals, Copying Paper, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Slates, School and Pocket Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved, Port-monnaies, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Card Cases, Gold Pencils, Stationery, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Bristol Board, Rodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery. Good Envelopes, 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per thousand.
J. W. CLOTHIER & CO., Fourth st., below Arch.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in business. Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all goods are. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price. Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200.

246. THOMAS ADAMSON, Jr., No. 246 Market street, Philadelphia, is now prepared to offer decided Bargains in SEASONABLE DRY GOODS. Stylish Dress Goods. Great Bargains in Black Silks, Cloths, and Cassimeres. French Merino, Cashmeres; Brocha Long and Square Shawls; Linen, &c. &c. Blankets, Flannels, Tickings, Table Covers, Sheetings, Shirting Muslins, Irish Linens, Towels, Napkins, &c. &c. &c. Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear—Satinettes, Vestings, Jeans, &c. Customers from 50 cts. to $3 per yard. Vestings, and a great variety of Plaid and Fancy Jeans, for Boys' wear.

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE FACTORY.—To ladies and gentlemen about to travel, we would respectfully call their attention to our assortment of Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, &c., all of our own manufacture, to which particular attention has been paid; also, a large assortment of Porte-monnaies in every variety, English, French and American manufacture, Portable Writing Cases, Cigar Cases, Perfumery, of the best descriptions; Brushes, Combs, Razors, &c. &c. We would also call attention to our improved method of finishing Dressing Cases, as well as our assortment of Ladies' Reticules, Work Cases, Portfolios, Card Cases, Money Belts, and a general assortment of Fancy articles. W. J. FEY, Manufacturer, 227 Arch street, above Sixth, north side.

Silver Medal Awarded by the Franklin Institute.
F. H. SMITH, N. W. corner of Fourth and Arch street, Philadelphia.—Pocket Books, Port-monnaies, Cases, Money Belts, Purses; silver, pearl, and shell Card Cases; Needle-books; Sewing-cases, with and without instruments; mahogany, rosewood and leather Dressing-cases, full-rig writing cases; Dressing-cases, a choice assortment of fancy and useful articles, Port-monnaies, Combs, Brushes, Razor-strops, &c. &c. &c.
Pocket-Book and Card Case Manufacturer, N. W. corner of Fourth and Arch streets.
N. B. Something New.—New Pocket Cutlery. Every article new. Manufacturers. Purchasers can depend on every article. If they do not give satisfaction, the article can be returned, or the money refunded.